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PRICE TEN CENTS.



A STRONG TIP.

MESSINGER.—I did n't do a t'ing but win a dollar an' t'irty-two cents at craps, las' night.

BUCKET-SHOP OFFICE BOY.—Put it all on Cotton, Billy, an' stand fer a raise uv fifteen p'ints—I heerd de boss tellin' a come-on ter sell short!



NOTHING SERIOUS.

THE HEIRESS.—And I've been introduced to quite a number of the European nobility.

HER FRIEND.—Thinking of marrying any of them?

THE HEIRESS.—Oh, no. I don't intend to buy a title—I'm merely shopping.

THE OLD GIG.



BEYOND the crumbling stable wall
Here in this sunny afternoon,
Where weaving spiders rise and fall
And crickets chirp their ceaseless tune,
I spy the outlines of a wheel
And thrashing through the foliage maze,
The clinging brambles soon reveal —
The quaint old gig of by-gone days.

Oh, faithful gig of time ago
Your tires totter and careen;
And through your shafts the grasses grow;
Like harness are the brambles green;
But once again you're off to town
Behind old Lucy's saucy heels,
And I (in dream) barefooted, brown
Climb up behind your creaking wheels.

Victor A. Hermann.

THANKFUL.

The women lived to thank their lucky stars that the management made them take off their hats.

For one day the theatre took fire, and nothing but their having to stop and put on their hats ever saved the women from being trampled to death by the men.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The name of San Francisco is associated with yellow perils. San Francisco is easily one of the seven cities which in future ages will be pointed out as the birthplace of Mr. Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst, or some one of his young men, is always first in war and first in peace, to say nothing of circulation. Some believe the mantle of Mr. Bryan can be made to fit Mr. Hearst by being shirred quite a bit around the waist.

To return to San Francisco, the Golden Gate is solid gold, with radium hinges.

San Francisco is a beautiful city. Owing to the nickel being positively the smallest coin used, it is impossible for anything to look like thirty-seven cents, there.

San Francisco was made by C. P. Huntington, with only such assistance as the Almighty could render.

Air is practically free in San Francisco.

San Francisco can never be a very large place, because as soon as a family get to be worth ten or twenty billions, they move to New York, where they can see Wagner with the original specialties.

THE NEAREST SUBSTITUTE.

"You say the Russians have n't any expression for 'Shiver my timbers'?"

"No. When a Russian sailor is in that frame of mind he merely exclaims, 'Well, I'll be torpedoed'!"



A SERIOUS QUESTION.

WILLIE FAWN.—Papa, shall you wear your antlers when you go to Heaven?

PAPA.—What do you want to know for?

WILLIE FAWN.—If you do, how will you get your halo to fit?



WHY HE THOUGHT SO.

"I should n't object to your accepting him, if I thought you had given the matter sufficient consideration."
 "But why do you think I have n't, Papa?"
 "Because you have n't changed your mind."

IN THE REALM OF SHADES.

DE SOTO.—What a chump I was!
 BALBOA.—Why?
 DE SOTO.—Why, to think that I explored Florida without spending a winter at Palm Beach!

THINGS.

Every woman knows a thing or two; a thing being another woman who looks better in a hat trimmed the same way.

Women are all things to each other, if not to all men.

Women know things in different ways. Thus we have the kissing acquaintance, the speaking acquaintance, and the glaring acquaintance amongst women.

Herbert Spencer maintained that some things are unknowable. But the horizon of one who was not only a philosopher but lived eighty-three years without marrying was necessarily limited.



UNCERTAINTY.

CROOK (*genially*).—By Jove! I'm glad to see you, Neighbor! How are you, and how are all the folks? How—

FARMER BROADHEAD (*grimly*).—Wa-al, young man, what's your little game—green-goods or runnin' for office?

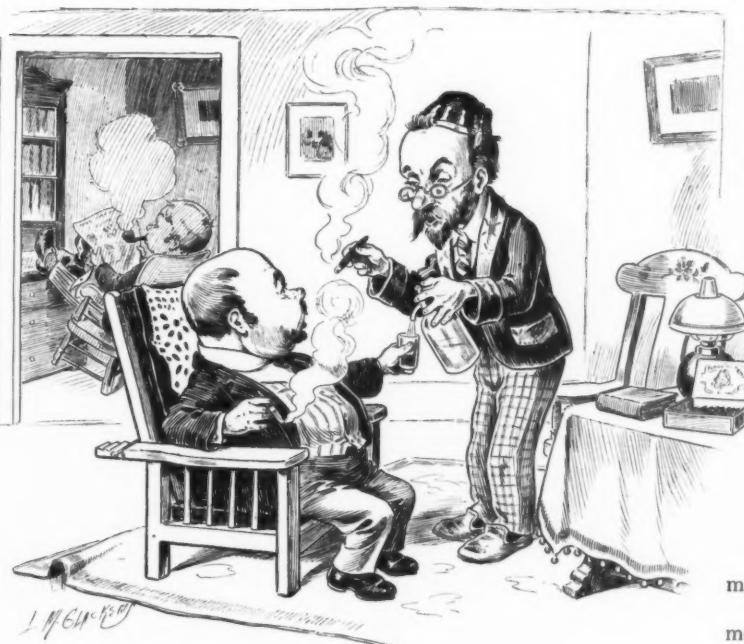
VITÆ VIRORUM: LYCURGUS.

Lycurgus builded better than he knew. In order to discourage trade, he had the money of his people made of iron soaked in vinegar.

The vinegar killed the germs which are fond of lurking in money, and thus the Spartans were a singularly healthy race.

Always remember, my children, to build better than you know.

IF THINGS keep on we may have a movement to protect our common stock against the pauper common stock of Europe.



SOME BENEFIT.

FRIEND.—Has your son learned much during his college course?
 THE OLD MAN.—I'm afraid not, but I've learned a whole lot.

Reading maketh the full man and the overflowing ass.

PUCK



CRITICISM.

BELLE.—But I think it shows some improvement on his previous work.

CAROLINE.—Do you? I did n't know you had such a poor opinion of his previous work.

Rumor having a thousand tongues, it is not surprising that some of her statements should lack confirmation.

PUCK

YUMA BILL ON CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.



YUMA BILL laid down the magazine which he had been reading. The article which had claimed his attention was written by a Captain of Industry and had eloquently urged the necessity in the pursuit of success of all the copybook virtues.

"Not feelin' well, Bill?" asked Shotgun Collins, anxiously.

"This hyer gazaboo what wrote this article advises young men to be honest and temperate and diligent in business if they want to be the prize steer at the poultry show. Youall can't be a Captain of Industry and keep herd so regular and prompt at the Silver Dollar saloon, Shotgun. Youall have shore got to copper on that deal and cut out the red fire," advised Yuma Bill, temperance lecturer.

"What's a Captain of Industry, Bill?" inquired Shotgun.

"A Captain of Industry is the highest product of American civilization. He's the twentieth century exponent of—er—of energy," quoted Bill. Then, his memory lapsing, he talked Arizona talk. "He's a corn-fed thoroughbred what's king of the range. He can ride any kind of a business proposition bareback without a hackamore. He tournaments with the law real promiscuous, and if he's the real thing he comes out millions to the good—if he ain't they put him to serving time."

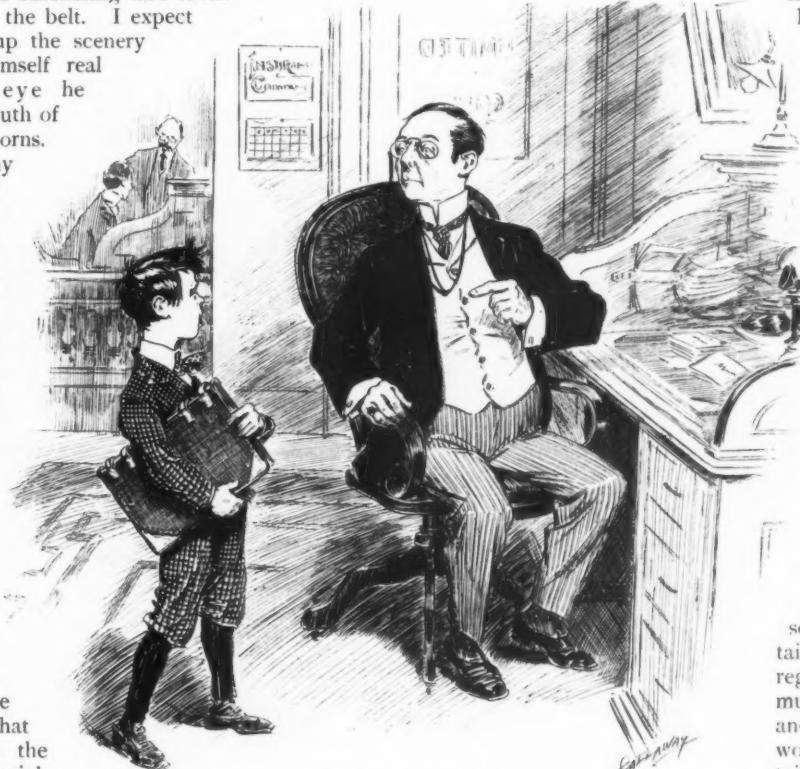
"He's got to be real temperate and prompt-like, has he? Got to kinder sweat virtue, eh? Well, I reckon Cockeye Joe warn't a Captain of Industry," said Shotgun, reminiscently.

Yuma Bill settled himself to listen. "I seem to disremember the gent. Was he a white man or a Mexican?" he asked, spoiling a half a pint of red eye.

"White man clear through from hide to hoof. Aint you heard how Cockeye located the Cows' Tooth prospect? Well, this hyer was the way of it. Cockeye was a-cavortin' round Denver mighty sightful, account of having let himself get separated from his last punk sitting in a poker game. One day he goes out to the stock yards reluctant and sad, ponderin' on how he was to corral enough chuck to fill his bread and meat basket which had been plumb empty for twenty-four hours. Casual-like he wanders through the pens to where they was butchering and looks

on plumb lonesome about the belt. I expect he was wishful to shoot up the scenery some, but he restrains himself real patient. Suddenly Cockeye he stoops and looks at the mouth of one of them dead shorthorns.

They was something shiny sticking between two of the teeth sort of wedged in tight. Cockeye makes a dental examination of some of them dead steers and he finds more of that shiny yellow stuff. He pries it out and takes it to an assayer. It proves to be the genuine stuff which is the root of all evil. He ups and makes a still hunt to locate the native hacienda of these yere cows. Real casual like he ascertains that they come from the Lazy Branch out in the Galluros of Arizona. Cockeye up and hits the trail real prompt for Tucson. Because, you see, Cockeye had evolved a theory as that tenderfoot professor from the East usen always to be sayin'. Cockeye had it figured out that it was United States gold to Mexican plunks that it was n't any



SKILLED LABOR.

EMPLOYER.—An office boy should be modest, reserved and unobtrusive.
OFFICE BOY.—Well, say, I can't do all dat fer two dollars a week.



GENE LEWIS

THE MODERN ANSWER.

SHE.—If I should die, would you soon forget me?

HE.—What a foolish question! Have I not taken the full course in the "Memory-taught-by-correspondence-school?"

dental artist had plugged in the gold fillings between those cows' teeth. No, sir. They had just natcherly got wedged in while those cow critters was a-grazin'. It had washed down from some mother lode upon the mountains, and that lode was what Cockeye had set out to get his peepers on. Well, sir, I'm a locoed Rocky Mountain Canary if Cockeye did n't find it. He got the run where those shorthorns ranged, panned out some gold signs from the river, and noticed real careful what the quartz looked like from which it come. One day he was cavortin' around old Baldy, when he got ready for chuck and uncinched for grub. He went tapping around with his hammer and knocked a chip off a boulder that was pretty promiskus. Then he grabs onto that chip of quartz and begins to holler for fair. I'm durned if Cockeye had n't struck the mother lode. He took five million and a half out of that hole he proceeded to make there. Then when he had got out about all the gold there was he sold out to an English syndicate for three million more. Now, I reckon you would n't call Cockeye a Captain of Industry, would you, Bill? He tanked up like a fish, he played the wheel with the lid off, he sashaid round the ladies at the Red Light. He kep' most irregular hours. He sure did travel a licketty split pace."

Yuma Bill ruminated. "I reckon, Shotgun, Cockeye's brand would be about a sergeant's stripes. He sure had some of the ear-marks of a Captain of Industry, but to be a real registered A1 financier a fellow must soak it up to the public good and hard. I reckon Shotgun would n't quite rank up to a Captain. He most certainly couldn't write articles about honesty, integrity and temperance being the road to success."

William MacLeod Raine.



A SUFFICIENT SEASON.

"I saw a newspaper item, last night," vouchsafed Uncle Timrod Tarp, at a recent session of the Sit and Argue Club, "which said that scientists estimate that the earth will last for at least one hundred million years longer."

"Glad to hear it!" returned the Old Codger, grimly. "That 'll give that 'ere sluggard of a hired-man o' mine time to cut the rest of them two and a half cords of wood that he 's been engaged on since I-d know when."

WEDDINGS.

Many girls from the exclusive set shrank from selling tickets to their weddings. But Gladys Tuft-Hunter knew when she had swallowed a camel. "I have bought me a husband. Why not let the public pay for him?" she argued.

TRIUMPH.

There came a young man from Bayreuth,
Who played, on a forty-keyed flent,
A musical phrase
Lasting three or four days,
Cried artistic New York: "He's a beaut!"

COUNTERFEITER.

Finally, they broke in upon the mysterious man.
"You make counterfeit money!" they exclaimed, giving voice at once to their worst suspicions.
"No, counterfeit wealth," replied the man, and showed them, in proof of his assertion, that his only implement was a ticker.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

HEARST NOW AND THEN.—IN ONE respect, at least, the Hon. Hearst is sensible. Many an inhabitant of public life, fully as worthy and well-intentioned as he, has been hopelessly handicapped by heeding the wrong advice. Or, by having men about him, who were neither great nor prudent. As to whether they are great, who surround Mr. Hearst, we admit frankly an inability to decide, but that they are reasonably prudent, few will dispute. And it is the nearness of this quality to his candidacy which should bid Mr. Hearst rejoice. No doubt, as the only real friend that "the common people" have, this exemplary young man—*young* despite his latest photograph—has regarded the White House favorably for quite some time. And it is also probable that, zealous and impetuous in public service, he would have confided ere this in those whom he wished to serve, but for the restraint imposed temporarily by his cautious intimates. As to the wisdom of this course, there can be no question. The hour which now seems ripe and luscious, before was hard and unyielding to the touch. Prudent advisors, that is to say, urge openly now a candidacy which, two years ago, a whisper would have wrecked. Choose, as an instance, the cheers for Hearst, which, literally, are said to be deafening. In McKinley's last days, he who proposed them would have taken a risk. Even in Faneuil Hall, the cherished cradle of liberty, we doubt whether, two years ago, Mr. Hearst and his candidacy would have been hailed with enthusiasm. For, strange as it may seem, a sentiment then prevailed which, in no desirable sense, associated Hearst with the highest honor in the land. Indeed, that memorable autumn, when men were mobbed in the streets for referring indiscreetly to the murdered executive, no man's candidacy could well have flourished, who had sanctioned the description of McKinley as "an abject, weak, futile, incompetent poltroon," "the most despised and hated creature in the hemisphere, his name hooted and his figure burned in effigy." Speech in this country is free, and men by its agency have risen to eminence, but no man, two years ago, would have boldly asked the nation for a lift, who had characterized the dying President as "a tyrant, reddening his hands in the blood of the poor." Time, we are told, heals all wounds. Has it healed those made in the body politic as recently as September, 1901? Despite the sober judgment of yellow journalism, we think not.

THE WEAK AND POWERFUL FILIPINO.

SECRETARY, formerly Governor, Taft has some excellent ideas on the Philippine tariff. He believes, briefly, that there should be no Philippine tariff; and to that belief, he is trying to attract others. His efforts, in the main, will be watched with interest, but not without misgivings, as President Roosevelt himself holds similar views, and even his superior influence is as yet ineffectual in rousing Congress. Apart from the occupancy of the Philippines, which since we occupy them, has ceased to be an issue, there are certain phases of insular affairs which *do* afford issues. And of these, one is the tariff matter. Our present attitude toward the Philippines is that of a foolish philanthropist in a straightened com-

munity; one who helps the needy upon occasion, but who restrains them in every way possible from helping themselves and prospering through their own labor. Strange reasons are assigned for the maintenance of the tariff; the Filipinos, it would seem, being many things to many minds. They are so weak, so pitifully weak, in the first place, that out of human kindness, we can not withdraw from about them our protecting arm. And yet, in the second place, they are so strong, so alarmingly strong, that were it not for the Dingley tariff, they would swoop down upon our trembling trusts, even as the barbarians upon Rome, and drive them to the wall. The further we advance, indeed, in this expansion business, the less compatible with high protection do some of us find it. But if we *must* set aside as insufficient, the promptings of honor, of "mere elementary decency," when seeking justification for a lowered tariff, how will the purely commercial argument of government statistics do? Trade with Porto Rico under protection: \$4,000,000 in 1897. Trade with Porto Rico under absolute free trade: \$22,000,000 in 1903. And to date, no trust magnate, or "conservative small dealer," has registered, broken and tottering, at the poor house.

UNCERTAINTY.

"Is it compassion that makes Parsifal knowing, or is it knowledge that makes him compassionate?" ask the critics, and are unable to resolve the doubt they raise, being at odds among themselves, to say nothing of the ability of ten wise men to ask questions which no fool can answer.

Naturally, there is but one recourse.

A plebiscite were costly, to be sure, with rich prizes to be hung up and a guessing coupon to be attached to every ticket of admission.

But, on the other hand, what is so costly as uncertainty brooding incessant over the business world?

A FEMININE TERMINATION.

SHE.—Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress?

HER HUSBAND.—Why, I should imagine that a fortress would be harder to silence.

SO GENERAL has musical culture become in recent years that very ordinary people know how to look puzzled unless you say Mozart and Fogner.

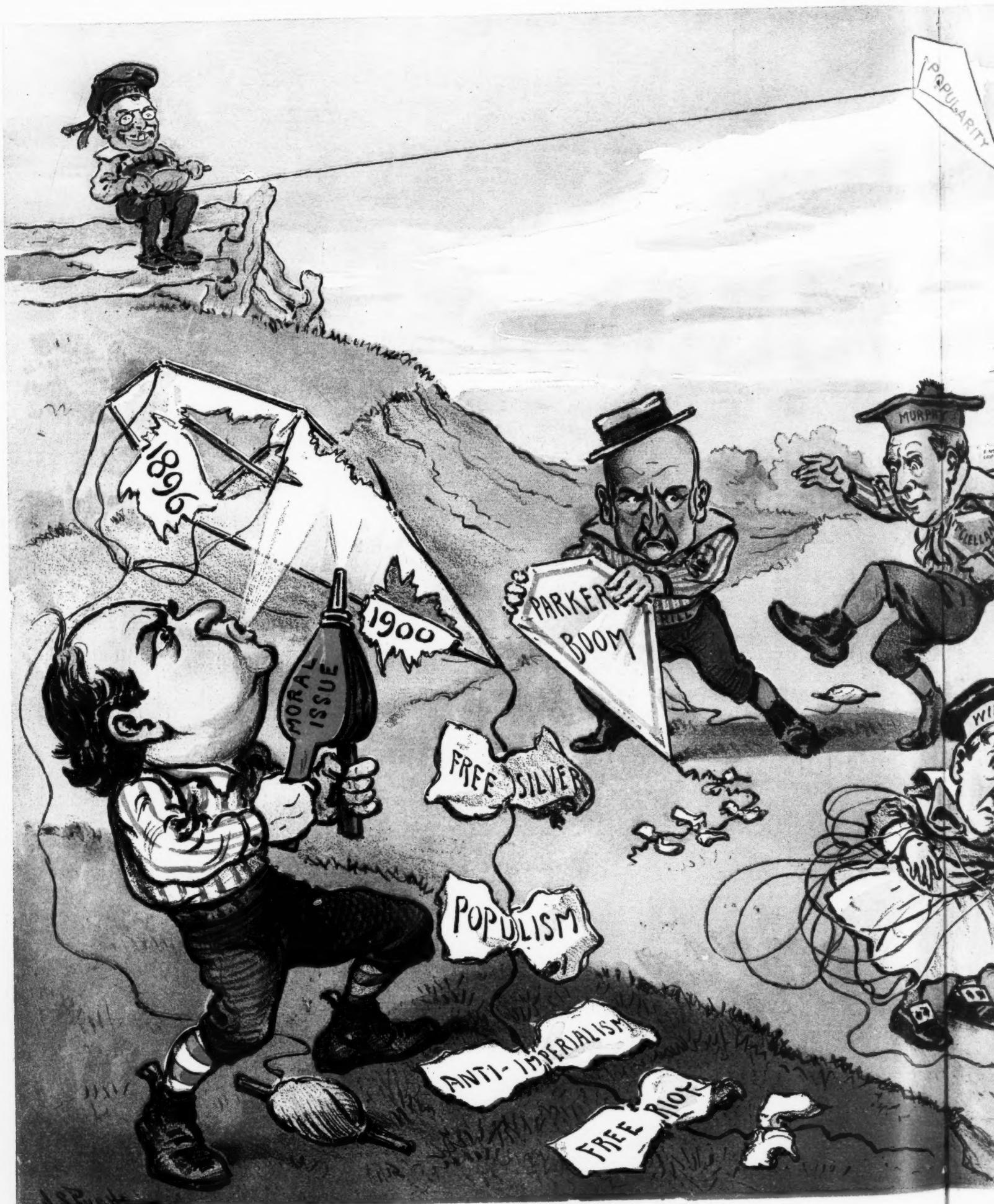


LOOKING FOR WORK!

THE COOK LADY.—I'm goin' t' hov that Julia Cassidy up before th' Union on char-rges av unperfissional conduct.

HER FRIND.—Wurra, wurra! An' phwat has she been doin', I dunno!

THE COOK LADY.—This very day I saw her wid me own two eyes comin' out av an impl'yment office!

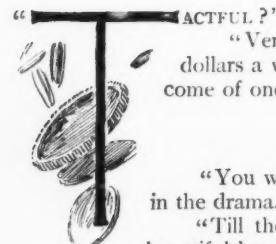




PUCK

AMONG US MORTALS.

THE MYSTERY OF CREDIT.



ACTFUL?"

"Very. She lives as far beyond her income of fifty dollars a week as most women could live beyond an income of one hundred dollars a week."

VICISSITUDES.

"You will love me till the end?" faltered Hugo, in the drama.

"Till the end, Hugo," answered Helene, the beautiful heroine.

"But there will be vicissitudes?"

"Listen, Hugo. In the wardrobe which the management has provided me with, there are sixteen gowns. What is it that it means? Precisely that there will be no more than sixteen vicissitudes. It is not many, Hugo, where love is."

And she looked up into his face, unutterably.

FITNESS.

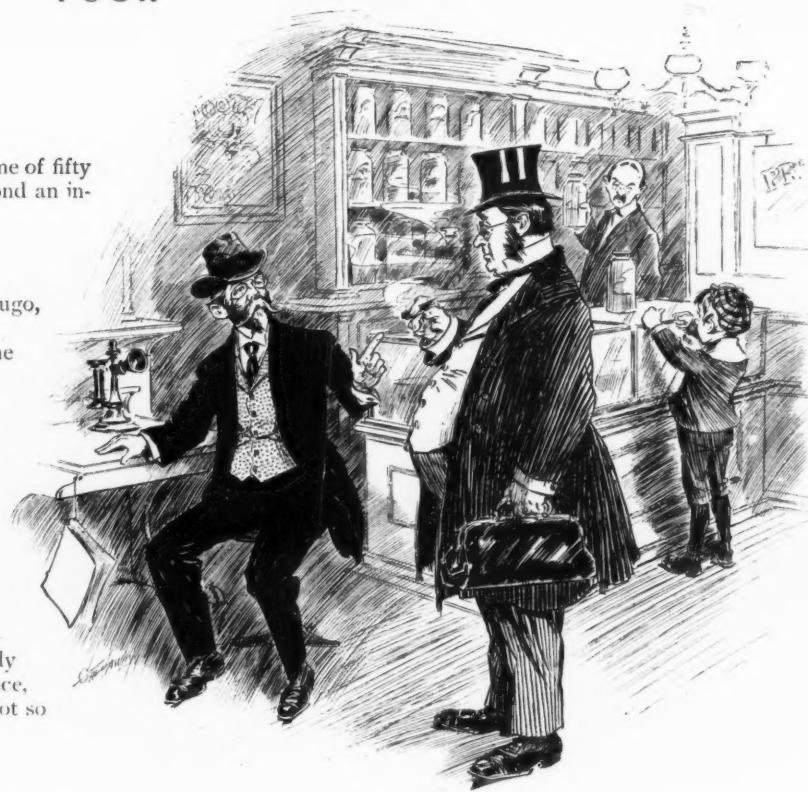
"When the perthitic things akchully happens," remarked old Mr. Hiram Tibbals, "they mostly ain't nobody 'round singin' 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' in the dim distance, showin', 's near 's I kin make out, that Prov'dence hain't got so much sense o' fitness as the ev'ridge yellercutionist."

OUT.

When the angel with the flaming sword had delivered his dread message, Eve was the first to speak.

"Well, if we're going out, of course we'll have to dress," she sighed.

And Adam, with a cry of hopeless woe, bowed his head and wept.



EXPERT DIAGNOSIS.

DOCTOR CARVER.—Is Jones all right financially?

DOCTOR PILLSBER.—Oh, yes indeed; why I should diagnosis most anything as appendicitis that Jones had.

RAISED.

The new arrival insisted that there had been a mistake.

"This is not my destination," he protested. "I was raised in Puritan New England!"

"Why, so was I, repeatedly!" retorted Satan, with a mirthless laugh.

THE HUSBAND SPEAKS.

YOU ARE *so* glad that April 's here.

We 've been *so* quiet, you and I.

Just here at home. Quite so, my dear,

I really did n't mean to sigh.

I 've put the pipe and slippers by,

Brought out my dinner-coat anew;

To frolic and to feast we fly—

No, I 'm *not* glad that Lent is through.

Farewell to peace and hail to fun!

We go the pace we went before.

Who would n't stand from nine to one

And yawn beside a ballroom door?

What brute declares a tea a bore?

I like to see, indeed I do,

A play I 've witnessed thrice or more—

No, I 'm *not* glad that Lent is through.

These morns I breakfast drear and lone;

I see you for a moment, say;

We have our chats across the 'phone

And meet at dinner, dance or play.

Dear girl, I 've loved my holiday.

Farewell to pipe, to book and—you.

It 's sorry work this being gay—

No, I 'm *not* glad that Lent is through.

Theodosia Garrison.



LOOKING FOR A CINCH.

TOMMY.—Are you and sister Ethel goin' to get married?

MR. STEDILY.—Why, e-r, what put such a question in your head, Tommy?

TOMMY.—Oh, nothin'; only Billy Daly wanted to bet me a nickel against a cent that the match 'd never come off, and I'd like a little inside information.

Picture-shots are for women who are dressy but can't talk horse.

PUCK



CHEAP AND FOREIGN.

"He says his folks came over in the Mayflower."
"Quite likely; there were no restrictive emigration laws then."

SONS OF THE PRECEDING.

(From the American Cyclopaedia of 1950.)

RYAN, W. JENNINGS, an American politician, son of the preceding. His father trained him from infancy in the art of managing his voice, and his whole education was directed to the point of making him a candidate for office. He was Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1940, and was defeated. Again candidate in 1944, he was again defeated. Unsuccessful in securing the presidential nomination in 1948, he ran for Congress and was defeated. He was Democratic candidate for Mayor of Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1949, but was overwhelmingly beaten at the polls. He is Democratic candidate for hog reeve this year.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW FRICK, an American manufacturer and philanthropist, son of the preceding. His father died poor, leaving only about \$300,000,000. Undaunted by poverty, however, young Carnegie adopted his worthy father's methods in selling armor plate to the government, and soon attained a competency. He is very charitable. He donated a bushel of peanuts to starving India in 1942; and he gives away door-mats to all Carnegie libraries that apply.

CURCHILL, WINSTON, an American novelist, son of the preceding. He was a singularly precocious child. At the age of two, he wrote an historical novel entitled, "When Paregoric Was In Flower." His first well-known novel, "When Slippers Held Their Sway," was written at the age of four years and six months. He carried on the work begun by his famous father, his books comprising, "Richard Carvel's Grandson," "Richard Carvel's Grand Nephew's Wife's Uncle," and "Richard Carvel's Greatgrandson's Dog Towser." His works are very popular with people who frequent the Carnegie libraries.

DEPEW, CHAUNCEY M., an American statesman and raconteur, son of the preceding. He succeeded his father as general manager of the Vanderbilt system of airships, and was elected to the upper house of Congress in 1944. He is popularly known as the "Joe Miller of the Senate." He tells all of his father's famous stories, and this makes those who give dinner parties greatly want him—to stay away.

EDDY, WHIRLPOOL BAKER G., an American reformer and lecturer, son of the preceding. He originated the wide-spread "No such" theory, upon which the so-called "Nosuchists" base their belief. Their chief tenet is that there is no such thing as Christian Science.

HOAR, G. FOOZLE, an American office-holder, son of the preceding. He was born with an office—that of Town Crier—and has held office continuously ever since. He became his father's colleague in the United States Senate in 1942, and they are both universally expected to remain in the United States Senate so long as there is any United States Senate. Mr. Hoar has never been known to do anything in an official way except object vigorously to every proposed movement calculated to benefit the people.

Will S. Adkins.

MORMONS.

If the Mormons are indeed to come and take New York, is the prospect wholly dark?

After all, is there not something to be said for plural marriages?

Certainly, if these singular marriages continue, the morbidly curious will presently have torn down and divided up into souvenirs about every fashionable church in the city.

Besides, the heiresses of the first magnitude being largely married off, what could be a more delicate compliment to the nobility than our embracing a religion which would permit the marriage of ten or a dozen girls of the \$20,000,000 class to one title, or twenty-five or thirty girls of the \$10,000,000 class, etc., etc.?



COULD N'T FOOL HIM.

"See that? It says they're going to run more cars on this road!"
"It does, eh? The papers are getting so sensational nowadays they'll print almost anything!"

CHOSEN.

THE LOVER.—I'm to see her father to-morrow.

HIS FRIEND.—But it won't make any difference what he says?

THE LOVER.—Not at all. As the politicians say—"Necessary to a choice—one."



SOFT! 'T IS SPRING!

Trill, jocund birds, your song of Spring,
Let naught your gladness balk;
Who has a better right to sing?
You do not have to walk!

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 23d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

Babies on Fire



With burning, itching, scaling, crusted humors, instantly relieved and speedily cured by warm baths

with CUTICURA SOAP and gentle applications of CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great Skin Cure, when all else fails.

Pears'

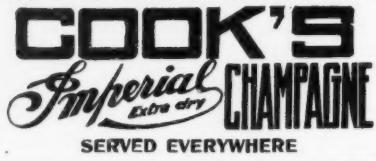
the soap which began its sale in the 18th century, sold all through the 19th and is selling in the 20th

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SAFE DISTANCE.

"You know some uniforms can be seen a long way off," explained the General in his talk to his men.

"Yes, I'd rather have mine seen that way," said the recruit, with his knees knocking together. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

THE LESSER EVIL.

MRS. PHAMLEY (*in the sitting-room*). — As long as Mary is playing the piano, Henry, we may be assured she is n't spooning with that Mr. Huggard.

MR. PHAMLEY (*whose ears are weary*). — Well, if the rule works the other way I wish you'd go down and tell 'em to go ahead and spoon. — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

CONFIDENCE.

"A woman will not esteem a man whom she can not trust," said the moralist.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton; "and I am delighted to note that Henrietta always trusts me to put the cat out and fix the furnace fire and lock the basement door and do a lot of things." — *Washington Star.*



TWO METHODS.

FIRST OFFICE-BOY. — So yer thrown up yer job, did yer? Before or after?

SECOND OFFICE-BOY. — Before or after what?

FIRST OFFICE-BOY. — Getting fired.

Inactive liver, depressed spirits — make both right with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. The genuine Abbott's will revolutionize the system.



THE GREAT PASSENGER LINE OF AMERICA — NEW YORK CENTRAL.

First Place Fixed.

In all the genial offices of hospitality, and not less for cheer and comfort, strength and health



holds the first place fixed. Its perfect maturity, purity and flavor secure the lead.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers. W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CAVES OF CALIFORNIA

California has numerous natural bridges, caves, etc., of no little interest. The Mammoth Cave of Calaveras; the Alabaster Cave; the Crystal Palace Cave, containing a number of subterranean apartments, such as the Bridal Chamber, the Crystal Palace Room, and the wonderful Music Hall.

The pleasantest, shortest and quickest route to these scenes is via

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AND
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"WHEN I hears a man sayin' dat he likes dogs better dan he does human folks," said Uncle Eben, "I can't help suspectin' dat mebbe he's picked out de kin' o' friends dat's as good as he deserves." — *Washington Star.*

REPORTER. — That man Smartset is awfully angry.

EDITOR. — What's wrong?

REPORTER. — We got the personal about him in yesterday's paper under the heading: "Things Worth Knowing." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

GOLD SEAL

The Famous Banquet and Dinner Wine.

America's Best.

CHAMPAGNE

Special Dry—Brut



Exquisite in bouquet and flavor, it surpasses the French product and costs only one-half.

Why pay import duty for the mere sake of foreign labels?

GOLD SEAL is in evidence at every fashionable function and is sold everywhere.

URBANA WINE CO., Urbana, N. Y., Sole Maker

A DEFINITE POLICY.

"Look here, Mary," said Mr. Spudkins, "where's the ten dollars Harkaway says he sent in the letter? I see the envelope's been cut."

"Oh, I expected you'd say something about it. Well, I've made up my mind to regard it as contraband of war." — *Chicago Record-Herald*.

Why are many people nervous and restless in their sleep?

They had *Coffee* for Dinner or Supper—

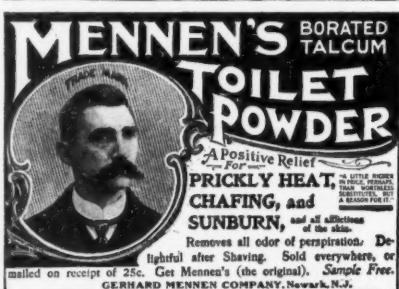
TRY *Stuyler's* COCOA
AND NOTE THE DIFFERENCE—

It does not put you to sleep—but prevents wakefulness.

Why not get THE BEST?

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QUALITY."

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GETTING AHEAD

Many people never get ahead until they go in debt. Debt may be safely and honestly incurred when a good life insurance policy runs along with it. Consult the

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TO MAKE THEIR OWN TOILET WATERS.
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

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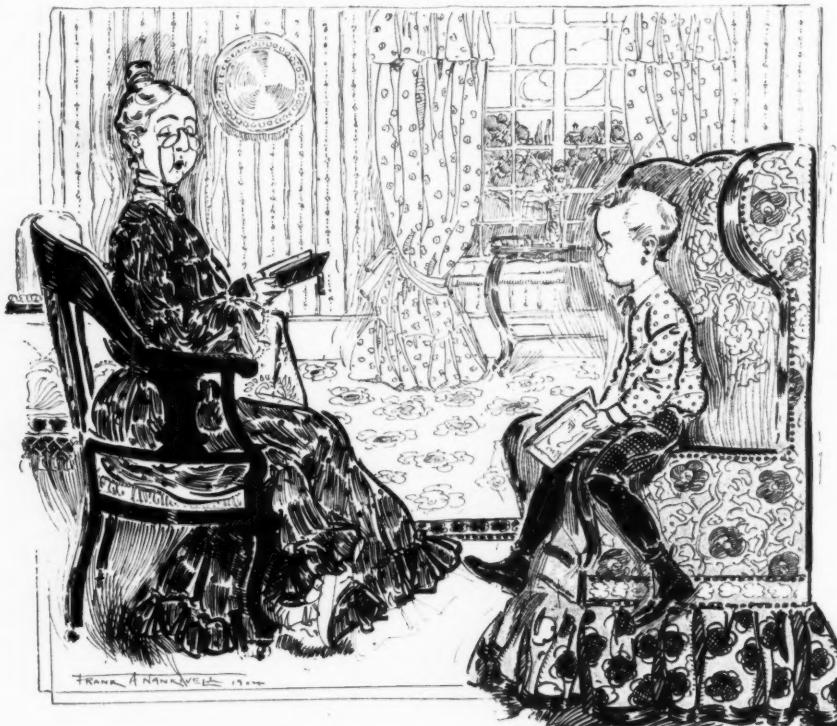
"That is curious," said the witness for the prosecution in the post-office cases, as he paused before a letter box.

"What is curious?"

"It says, 'Lift up.' It would, in my opinion, be more accurate to label it, 'Hold-up.'" — *Wash. Star*.

BINKS.—Jones was telling me this morning about a tramp who actually ran away from a hot breakfast at his house.

JINKS.—Yes, but he forgot to tell you that it was one of the latest breakfast foods. — *Yonkers Herald*.



THE CAUSE ASSIGNED.

"Every hair of our heads is numbered, chil!"

"Do they get gray trying to remember their numbers, Mama?"

"HEAVEN's mighty high," said the old colored brother, "but de Lawd sen' dat we don't have de swimmin' in de head w'en we gits dar!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

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The German Emperor and King of Prussia are the manufacturers of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

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TRULY HEROIC.

"He had a play produced by an
amateur company the other night, I
believe. Who was the hero of it, do
you know?"

"I was one. I sat through it." —
Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT has become of the old-
fashioned man who used to say he
believed in putting men in office who
could at least run their own business?
—*Washington Democrat.*

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 SHOES WORTH \$5.00

The Leading Styles Originate in Brockton, the Manufacturing Center of Men's Fine Shoes in this Country. Styles Originated by My Expert Model Maker Are Copied Everywhere. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes have by their excellent style, easy-wearing and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any \$3.50 shoe in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you \$5 to \$7 — the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the infinite care with which every pair of Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced anywhere.

If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes, you would understand why Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas High-Grade Boys' Shoes, \$2.00 and \$1.75.

Douglas uses Corona Cotskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Cotskin is conceded everywhere to be the finest patent leather yet produced.

Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 184 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



THE THING FOR HER.

MISS PASSAY.—Mr. Oldbow wants me to have my photograph taken, and I really must —"

MISS CUTTS.—Oh! you ought to go to Kammerer. He made grandma's latest picture. It's just wonderful the way he touches up his pictures and eliminates the wrinkles and all that.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



WOULD HAVE LAID IN A SUPPLY.

"Don't I get any more change?"

"Sure, notta!"

"Gosh! If I knew fruit was so dear in New York I'd have eat enough before I left home to do me for the trip."

**I. W. Harper
Rye.**

"On Every Tongue."

For gentlemen who appreciate quality; for the weak who need to be strengthened; for the careful physician who requires purity; for everybody who knows a good thing. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.

THE RETORT UNEXPECTED.

"Yes," she said with sarcastic bitterness, "I believe it is true that a man is known before marriage by the company he keeps."

"No doubt," he smilingly replied, "I remember that I kept company with you for fully four years." —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

POET.—You remember that little thought I set to verse? Well, I made five dollars on that.

CRITTICK.—Indeed? You're quite a financier. It is n't everybody who can make money on what he borrows. —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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NOT INTERESTED.

CITIMAN.—I hear your church gave that bright young minister a trial last Sunday.

SUBBUBS.—Yes. He spoke on "The Heavenly City."

CITIMAN.—Do you think he is likely to be called to your church permanently?

SUBBUBS.—I'm afraid not. His text was rather unfortunate. You see, the members of the congregation are all suburbanites. —*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

last, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 285 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A NATURAL MISUNDERSTANDING.

"He was mixed up in politics."

"Yes?"

"Yes; but he's out now."

"Indeed? Did he escape, or was he pardoned?" —*Catholic Standard and Times.*

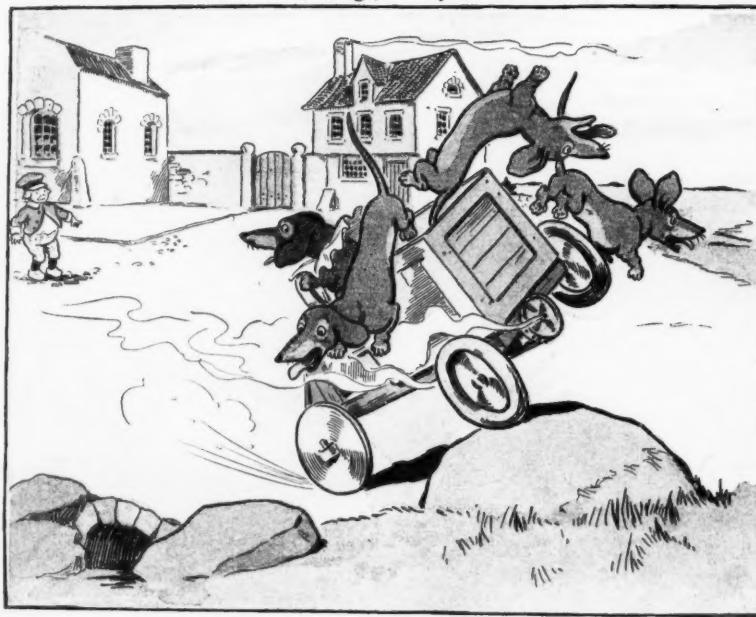
THE worm that works in the trunk is always advertised somewhere on the branches. —*Ram's Horn.*



I.
"Being Dutch, I'm no chaf-what's-his-name," said Dackel to the three;
"If I could n't run an auto, though, I'd lay me down and dee."



II.
"We are going backward, say you? What diff'rence does it make?
Do not bother me with trifles, or I'll give you all the shake."



III.
"And they never even warned me we were coming to a stone;
Well, they've got their shake," quoth Dackel; "now I'll run the thing alone."



IV.
"Bah! There's nothing to this motoring. It's simple as can be—
Wo-Wow! I do believe that tree is steering straight for me!"



V.
"I knew it was!" he shouted, as he rose above the crash;
"There was something seemed to tell me we were going to have a smash."



VI.
"You are looking poorly, Dackel," Hans remarked, "you need some fun;
Bring those pieces home, and bring them"—here he chuckled—"one by one."